

The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1913.

REAL PLAN FOR LIBRARY.

Here is a sane business proposition for a Richmond Public Library. Jeter Memorial Hall, of Richmond College, can be secured by either of two offers. It will be sold to the city for \$20,000 provided at least 150 feet of Grace Street frontage extending back to the new alley between Grace and Franklin is bought at \$200 a foot. Second, it will be given to the city provided from 200 to 240 feet on both Grace and Franklin be bought at the market price of \$250 on Grace and \$275 on Franklin and that forty feet on each side of the tract be given for streets between Franklin and Grace.

In short, for \$50,000 a building that cost \$41,000 and a lot slightly larger than the building, and now worth \$20,000, can be secured. For about \$300,000 a strip 150 feet wide running the block between Grace and Franklin and open on streets on all sides can be secured. This will furnish a magnificent plaza and park as well as a library, that will be an ornament to the city.

Inspection of the building shows it admirably suited for library use. It is over 100 feet long, has three main floors, excellently lighted, in which stack-room for 150,000 volumes could be found easily. At present 25,000 volumes are distributed without using much floor space. The top floor is a beautiful and imposing room that could be used for a city museum and art gallery, and for public assemblies. A reading-room, children's room, offices, meeting plant, and every need for a modern library could be met at once. It would be only necessary to put the books in, and get a librarian, and Richmond would have the long-sought public institution. To duplicate such a building would cost about \$15,000.

There are at present in Richmond over 10,000 books that could be put in a public library under proper conditions. They will be given if proper care is guaranteed. An annual appropriation of \$10,000 would support this people's university and add to its collection.

The sole conceivable objection to this plan is that the building is too far west from the center of the city. Yet the city is moving west rapidly. Moreover, the other parts of the city could be supplied with distributing stations or branches. What we need is to get the beginning of a library plant. If we cannot get the ideal location, we can get a very fine building at a very cheap price, and when the better site and building come, this will be serviceable as a branch and a social center for this neighborhood.

Richmond missed the chance to get a \$200,000 hospital for \$100,000. Will we miss this chance to make a good investment? Just as business, consider this proposition. The lot will take \$20,000. Since the college intends to sell the building for the material in it, and probably would not get more than \$5,000 for the salvage, it is possible that the city could acquire this \$15,000 building for \$10,000. That makes the total cost \$40,000. The Grace Street land is never going to be worth less than \$20,000. In ten years it should be worth more. The building will stand for twenty-five years and much longer. If at the end of ten years the city desired to get rid of the property, the land and building would be worth \$25,000. That means an investment of \$40,000 in ten years for a fine library plant. Can Richmond afford to do without a library at a cost of \$40,000 a year? A small dwelling-house costs that. Here is a magnificent public building.

For \$40,000 in bonds and \$10,000 a year for support, we can get a good public library. It is up to the people to demand it. It is up to every social worker and public-spirited citizen to demand it. It is the solemn duty of the Mayor, the Council and the Administrative Board to visit this site and see what is waiting.

Can Richmond waste this golden chance?

RAILROADS AND GENERAL PROSPERITY.
The United States of America does not look as trustful and railroad-harried to foreign travelers as it does to those whose horizon is bound by their own State or county.

Roger W. Babson, a well-known economist, has been studying the financial situation here and abroad for a number of years, and his deliberate conclusion is that the United States of America, so far from curing and kicking railroad building should appreciate and help them with every means in their power.

The railroads of this country have been far from perfect; they have subsidized legislatures, they have fought safety appliances, they have without fellow-servant acts they have even been known to buy Senators and to lay their hands upon Congress. But they have been efficient; they have developed enormous tracks that were

lying idle, they have given America the cheapest service and the best equipment of any nation on earth; and America must either admit its relationship to the railroads or suffer from failure to perceive the situation as it is.

At present there is a great cry against any advance in railroad rates. But would it not be well for shippers to consider the other side of the case, and remember that the railroads are the biggest business in this country? For the railroads to be crippled, and for necessary railroad building to cease would produce a far greater damage to this country than the robbing up of every county-fied business between the oceans.

In 1909 the railroads issued 62.4 per cent of all the securities that were offered for public subscription. In 1912 the railroads only issued 19 per cent.

Three or four years ago James J. Hill said: "It will take \$5,000,000,000 to give this country the railroad equipment that it needs in terminals and tracks." If the railroads cannot get the money, the public cannot get the facilities, and it is time for the public to consider how far it can deny the railroads access to the credit of the country without damaging the welfare of business in every line.

WHO SHOULD WORRY?

The Administrative Board cannot raise the pay of city employees this year, according to the City Attorney's decision, because the money has not been provided. Does this mean that the board will give up its plan to investigate the efficiency and wages of city employees? This decision, to our minds, says nothing against reducing the wages of the inefficient. Does the Administrative Board ever consider the revolutionary doctrine of cutting somebody's wages because the work is light, or because competition fixes a lower scale? As a matter of fact, did any public servant in Richmond ever have his pay reduced? Has any wave of economy in this line ever struck the town? The board could perform a great service by setting the admirable precedent of reducing some one salary somewhere, just to show that the pay need not always be raised. Is this investigation to be paralyzed because nobody can be raised this year?

As a matter of fact, we do not live in grinding labor down to the lowest scale that competition will admit. We think the city might reasonably set a good example of fair and enlightened treatment of men who toil. We also think public service offers a good field for reducing the average hours per day. We think these things—provided, for what wages are paid, the employee be made to deliver an honest and full return in efficient work.

A fair wage for the best work ought to be the city's motto. If nine hours make a labor day, let nine hours be delivered, and not as is too often the case, only seven, with the other two spent in idling or pretended occupation.

The City Attorney's decision ought really to encourage the board. It is protected from demands by the departments. The board can now go ahead and conduct its efficiency inquiry without any one assuming that it is just a preliminary to a general salary increase.

The question is simple enough. City labor gets from \$2.10 to \$4.00 per day. The inquiry should determine whether that amount of work is given. Are the men too old, decrepit, or lazy to do good work? If so, fire them, and get young and able men. Is there a waste of time in reporting for work and in changing from point to point? If so, let us have the heads of departments hauled up for better systems. Are the actual processes of performing city work scientific, accurate, economical of material and time? If not, let us get an expert on efficiency to overhaul the departments and tell us how to use better methods.

The board has a broad field for investigation. There is a chance of unpopularity with a few employees and politicians. This is offset by the sense of public duty well done, and by the gratitude of the multitude of taxpayers.

Who should worry?

ANOTHER RUBLE BURST.
Where is Dr. Friedmann's "cure" now? Health officer O'Connell, of New York, states that the health department investigator finds patients subjected to the Friedmann treatment not only not improved, but retrograding.

This alarming situation has moved Dr. O'Connell to ask that a resolution be passed prohibiting the use of the Friedmann treatment until its merits are demonstrated.

No one wishes to cut off Dr. Friedmann from any fair test, but the public have rights; the sick must be protected. The pathetic hopes of those afflicted with tuberculosis cannot be made the means for exploiting a commercialized "cure."

Perhaps Dr. Friedmann has not yet been shown to be a heartless and selfish quack, but he cannot be said to have demonstrated the value of his "cure." And until this is beyond all question, the New York Department of Health is entirely right in insisting that its use be prohibited.

MAY HAVE OVERREACHED HERSELF.

A report comes from Geneva, which, if true, and it is not at all improbable that it is true, may mean the upsetting of Austria-Hungary's main calculation in its insistence that Albania be erected into an autonomous state.

The chief and underlying purpose of the dual monarchy in that policy, in which she was pursuing in the line of the powers, by exciting dread that unless they went Vienna's way there would be an overturn of the European equilibrium, and possibly a general European war, was to keep the two Balkan Kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro apart. Albania was to be the wedge, and Austria-Hungary the mud to drive it until the point reached Salonica—a

wedge Albanian for the nonce, but Austria-Hungarian in the end.

The Geneva report is that the decision of King Peter of Serbia to abdicate has, among other things, to do with the revival of the program for a union of Montenegro and Serbia, under which King Nicholas would also abdicate, and the union of "The United States of Serbia" be assumed by Crown Prince Danilo, the conqueror of Scutari.

The re-establishment of the old Serb kingdom or empire, which went to pieces on the disastrous field of Kossova August 27, 1389, has been the dream of the Serbs scattered throughout the Balkan Peninsula ever since that fatal day, and at the outset of the hostilities just closed hope of realization of that dream was frequently asserted to be the most impelling influence with Serbia in joining the alliance.

The union in discussion would bring together the two largest Serbian populations in the Balkans, as represented in independent states; the joint area would cover about 40,000 square miles, with a population of 4,500,000 approximately, and Serbia would secure a port on the Adriatic, which she has so long desired, and which is so essential to her commercial and economic development. More than that, it would impart fresh stimulus to the large Serb elements in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia to break away from Austro-Hungarian rule and cast their fortunes, reunited, with their racial connates.

One view which contributes especial plausibility to the Geneva report is that had Austria-Hungary been content to allow Montenegro to retain Scutari, the little kingdom would thereby have attained sufficient size to pursue her independent way unaided, but in default of that concession, what with Austro-Hungarian influence in and patronage of Albania, and dominance in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Montenegro's independence would be seriously jeopardized by attempting to stand alone. It would appear, therefore, that Austria-Hungary may at the last have entirely overreached herself in her Albanian policy, not only for the reasons above presented, but because there can hardly be a question that should a practical movement to form the "United States of Serbia" develop, Russia would side with her Slavie brothers.

It would be Russia's opportunity, which Pan-Slavic sentiment in her own domains, if nothing else, would force her to seize.

HOW THE TARIFF PLAYS BUGABOO.

Here is a sidelight on the tariff. From Orange a correspondent says that last year, under the Republican tariff, the price of wool was from 28 to 30 cents per pound. This year the best price obtainable is from 16 to 18 cents per pound. The buyers set this low scale in anticipation of the tariff cut by the Democrats. We agree with the gentleman that this is an awful cut. It is the more awful as the tariff bill has not yet been passed, and cannot reasonably affect the prices of this year's shearing.

We suggest two interpretations: first, the buyers would be glad to use the venerable tariff bugaboo to shake down the wool-growers at a low figure. If they can scare the man with the wool into parting with his crop at 16 or 18 cents, it is clearly pretty good business. There may be no reason for the cut, and foreign competition may never enter into the proposition, but the buyer pretends chaos is upon the whole business. The cautious wool-grower might reasonably hold his shearing for a time and try to shake down the buyers.

Again, it is clear that unwise wool-growers may be scared by such a cut into helping the wool fight against the tariff bill. The spread of the news that wool has fallen in value 50 per cent just at the thought of the new schedule may make farmers think they are to be ruined outright by the real passage of the bill. Do you see what a neat scheme for battling against tariff revision this is? The buyer gets the wool at half price and enlists the frightened farmer as an ally against President Wilson and the tariff reformers? No wonder the word "insidious" was applied to certain lobbyists by President Wilson.

Richmond must have one of the most permanent and perpetual moons in the world, if we may judge by the advertisement of moonlight excursions for every week in the next six.

Lawrence, Kan., seat of the State University, has adopted the commission form of government by a vote of 1,729 to 802. The women in all wards cast a heavy vote in favor of the new plan. In Missouri, the League of Municipalities reports an overwhelming sentiment for the commission plan. Of twenty-one cities represented, it is said practically every one is getting ready to take advantage of the enabling act recently passed by the Legislature. Richmond can give them all some hints on near-commission government.

With sixty square feet of mint growing to waste around the White House, it is up to some bright young man to invent a way of combining the aromatic herb and grape-jelly in soothing and diplomatic proportions.

It hasn't been proved that he doesn't act like he's drunk yet.

Who put the end in referendum?

These Balkans ought to start all over again. We have lost all track of who peevish whom and why. This war is just what General Sherman said.

When do we get to the Union part of the Union Station plans?

The Wednesday Club ought to start a few classes in harmony to take the place of the present counter-point.

Seven ounces of brandy would not take some Virginia hunters to the front gate.

The loan shark that bites us in the back that borrows and then goes out to sea forever.



"Boys, I've been having a good laugh at my old friend, the Common People! He's inspecting his merchant marine! Look at his face! Har, har! Ah, Johnny, when it comes to real snoring you and Elihu are the boys. You're the captain of the good ship 'Senatorial Bribery' and Elihu has been navigating it for years. By the way, I see Theodore is loose again! This time it's a libel suit, with brass hands and cowboy trimmings. Poor Theodore! I wonder if there's any way of making him realize that he is rapidly getting into the same class with Doc Cook! Incidentally I notice that my friends, the corporations, are beating it for the cyclone cellar again! It's getting so that those poor guys have to spend half their time

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Punch.
I got an idea, said Farmer Brown, That when it comes to gettin' renowned, The feller with the thing you call the "punch," Pulls out ahead of the rest of the bunch.

It's the punch that counts in all walks of life, Throughout this vale of trouble and strife. A feller's work may be medium fair, There's no fault to find with it any-where, But it won't fetch the public so turrible quick Unless it has got what they call a "kick."

You gotta take the public by surprise, You gotta hit 'em right between the eyes. You gotta do a trick that will make 'em talk, You gotta do it quick, or they're goin' to balk.

If you don't come across with suthin' bran' new, They're goin' to put the double cross. The cartoon man must have the punch to make a hit, The lawyer's got to have the punch, No doubt of it, The advertiser man has got to have the punch, Or he must shut up shop and get out of the game.

The actor with the punch pulls down the biggest pay, The preacher with the punch draws multitudes his way, The feller built that way is never satisfied, He wants to do his stunt and then some besides;

He's restless in his strength, His mind is never still, He thinks long years ahead of him and always will.

No easy-goin' man, self-satisfied and such, Will ever have a punch that will amount to much.

These Should Make Annnias Jealous.
"You'll never have a bit of trouble with this car," "These garden seeds are sure to

come up."

"Maxie, the chief aim of my whole life will be to make you happy."

"I am not going to take a drink this year."

"We are going to raise all of our own vegetables this year."

"I am going to make a fortune raising chickens."

"If you buy this vacuum cleaner you will call me blessed."

"This property is going to advance in value 75 per cent in six months."

"I will send you some strictly fresh eggs."

An Epitaph.
The office boy's grandmother dies At least three times a week; The bookkeeper develops ill, Of which he's apt to speak.

The ribbon clerk abruptly jumps His job at 3 P. M. He says his kids have got the mumps And he must go to them.

From the Hickoryville Clarion.
There is some talk of having a curfew law for Hickoryville. That's right. Fewer cures is what we need. No matter how much money the President of the United States gets, he doesn't get enough.

The last time Miss Pansy Tibbitts came home from the seminary she couldn't talk so her parents could understand her, and the old man says he is going to go and take a course himself so he kin talk with her.

Once in a while a well-meaning but misguided government gives us, personally, a good hearty laugh. There is the income tax, for instance. It misses us by four miles.

Virginia Wool and the Tariff.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—There is a question which I would like to ask of you, and which will be of great interest to numerous sheep raisers of Piedmont Virginia. The point is this: last year, with the Republican tariff on wool, the current price through this section of the State was 28 to 30 cents per pound. This meant wool from grade Shropshires, Southdowns, Hampshire and Dorsets, same to be comparatively free of burs and dirt. At that price, I was informed by Senator Martin, large quantities of wool were imported into this country from Australia. Now, what was the tariff on this wool brought from foreign shores? Again, with the present tariff bill yet unpassed, the best prices obtainable for our wool is from 16 to 18 cents per pound, this being set by the buyers in anticipation of the coming tariff laws under the present Democratic House. Can you tell me what will be the amount of tax taken off foreign wools, and will it be as much as 15 cents per pound? This is an awful cut, and strange to say, I've heard nothing about a reduction in clothing in anticipation of this free wool. With the present prices now obtainable for our wool, we are selling this commodity close to the price of raw cotton; certainly no, when the values of the two commodities is considered from a wearing standpoint. I'd be glad to have your views published in Sunday's paper, if possible.

Very truly,
H. O. LYNE.

Suggests Platform for the Next Legislature.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I suggest the following platform for the next General Assembly of Virginia:

1. To endorse President Wilson's and William Jennings Bryan's progressive Democratic principles.

2. Reduce all the surplus officers and clerks.

3. Reduce the thirty-one circuit judges to twenty-five. There are 100 counties in the State. Give each judge a district of four counties. This will do away with six surplus judges that will save the taxpayers thousands of dollars.

4. Reduce the subdivision of superintendents of schools that cost the taxpayers about \$50,000. The money could be better appropriated for building better schoolhouses and paying the teachers better salaries.

5. Reduce the guano inspectors in

each congressional district that are no benefit to the farmers.

6. Reduce the members of the different State boards to seventy-five. That would save the taxpayers thousands of dollars.

7. Abolish the Commissioner of Insurance, a new office at a salary of \$3,000 and a new set of clerks. The Second Auditor's office ought to do the work. This would save the taxpayers thousands of dollars.

8. Reduce the salaries of the officers to 10 per cent that the Legislature raised.

9. Reduce the salaries of the members of the Legislature from \$5 to \$3 per day, which the Legislature raised from \$4 per day to \$5.

10. Allow the people to vote for or against the enabling act and for or against State prohibition.

11. Give us a primary election law that will give both rich and poor their equal rights. The expenses to be paid by the State and counties. All contested primary elections to be settled by the circuit courts and six jurymen.

12. Oppose any conscript labor that comes in contact with the honest laboring class.

13. Pass a law that will force every person to pay his capitation tax.

14. That a law be enacted to compensate the public officers by a salary. All fees collected by them to be paid into the public treasury.

15. That the Torrens system of registering land be enacted by the next Legislature.

16. Pass a law that any State or county officer elected by the people shall not use his position and the influence of his office for or against any candidate for office, or furnish any campaign funds directly or indirectly on the penalty of forfeiting his office. This will break up the political combination between the State and county officers, and put the election under the control of the people.

17. Vote for any bill that the officers of the farmers' union will endorse for the interest of the farmers and the laboring classes.

18. Appoint a State committee to investigate each branch and the institutes of the State.

19. Investigate all the expenditure of all appropriations made by the State.

A. J. TAYLOR.

Palmyra.

A Memorable Incident.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—

"And did you once see Shelly plain, And did he stop and speak to you, And did you speak to him again?" How strange it seems, and true!

When the writer was quite a young man hearing the end of his twenty-first year the most distinguished soldier, and noblest man who lived and died in the nineteenth century, honored with a month's conversation of a dozen or more words.

The occasion was memorable, the words were significant and timely, the surroundings and environments were warm, heroic, epoch-making in the white heat of a great battle. It was about noon of September 17, 1862, the varying, conflicting fortunes of a fierce and bloody battle had been raging for a half-dozen hours. The writer, with two comrades, were standing together with unloaded Enfield rifles and empty cartridge boxes; this trio of Confederate soldiers were subjects of a doubtful and bewildering condition as to their next movement on the mem-

orable field of Sharpsburg or Antietam.

General R. E. Lee, nobly mounted on true and faithful Old Traveller, rode up to our little group, and as near and accurately as I can recall his words thus addressed us, first looking directly at the writer, who gladly acted as the spokesman of our squad: "Well, men, what are you doing here; what is the matter? I repeat, 'General, we are out of ammunition; we have been in the hottest of the fight all the morning.' The quiet, calm, dignified soldier, who was then burdened with the great responsibility of a fearful, terrific battle said to us in his kind, direct manner, pointing to the rear as we looked up to him: 'Across there about 200 yards is a road; follow it westerly a quarter of a mile, there you will find the ammunition wagons. Now, please hurry, and supply yourselves. Tell men you meet who are without cartridges to fill their boxes, and quickly return to where all of us are needed.' We promptly, without delay as directed, re-entered the fight with a Texas brigade that was trying and failing to lure power with the 'rebel yell' in a desperately headlong charge on a brave, blue and broken battle line.

This reminiscence incident will ever proudly abide with the writer. It is a memory that is plain, simply, free from any garnish, or mar by its truthfulness, or add to its brevity. It is a proud memory, carefully embalmed in the true, clinging, abiding fragrance of ye old lavender, of myrrh, and of rosemary.

C. A. RICHARDSON.

Richmond.

Thanks From Nurses.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—The board of managers of the Instructive Visiting Nurse Association wish me to express to you their appreciation of your kindness in the advertising of Tax Day. It was a most successful result, and we hope much good may be done.

Very sincerely,
MRS. GEORGE BRYAN,
Corresponding Secretary.

A Timely Poem.

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TAKE DOWN MY OLD KNAPSACK.

"Get my old knapsack, Mary, and my uniform of gray; Get my battered helmet, Mary, for I'll need 'em all to-day; Get my canteen and my leggin's, reach for my trusty gun, Mary, For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '61."

"Never mind them blood stains, Mary; never mind that ragged hole; It was left there by a bullet that was seeking for my soul. Just brush off them cobwebs, Mary, and fix the bonnie flag of blue; For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '62."

"These old clothes don't fit me, Mary, like they did when I was young; Don't you remember how neatly to my hands they fitted, Mary, when I was young? Never mind that sleeve that's empty, let it dangle loose and free, For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '63."

"Pull my sword belt tighter, Mary; fix that strap beneath my chin; I've grown old and a threadbare, Mary, but I reckon I'll pass muster, as I did in days of yore. For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '64."

"Now I am ready, Mary; kiss me, kiss your old sweetheart good-by; Brush aside them wayward tress, my lord, I didn't think you'd cry. For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '65."

UNCLE TRUSTY!

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"Boys, I've been having a good laugh at my old friend, the Common People! He's inspecting his merchant marine! Look at his face! Har, har! Ah, Johnny, when it comes to real snoring you and Elihu are the boys. You're the captain of the good ship 'Senatorial Bribery' and Elihu has been navigating it for years. By the way, I see Theodore is loose again! This time it's a libel suit, with brass hands and cowboy trimmings. Poor Theodore! I wonder if there's any way of making him realize that he is rapidly getting into the same class with Doc Cook! Incidentally I notice that my friends, the corporations, are beating it for the cyclone cellar again! It's getting so that those poor guys have to spend half their time

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